

The Origin of the Golden Sun

Story: The Origin of the Golden Sun

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Summary: This short story tells you how the formation of the Golden Sun came to be. The story talks about a mystery man who was corrupt with power and his life's goal was to corrupt the alliance between the four clans. He was successful in doing so.

***Chapter 1*: The Origin of the Golden Sun**

The Origin of the Golden Sun

Many centuries ago, in the world of Weyard... Before any of the lighthouses were lit, or even built at that! It was a peaceful and tranquil place. It was a plush and vibrant land that was entirely connected. The wind would blow across the grassy foothills on a cool summer's day; the people of the Ancient world were always calm and had no reason for quarrel. This was a land of peace... A land of communication... A land purged of all evil. This... was the world of Weyard in its prime.

All of the clans, the clans of Fire, Water, Earth, and Wind, were all at peace and had used their abilities to aid each other when in need of assistance in every day life. This was the Ancient World... No one man sought to gain ultimate control. No man sought to disrupt the natural way of life... That is all about to change and throw humanity into chaos...

A man in black had been wandering across the plains that will later become Vale. Many merchants and traders had passed this man on their passes between towns and thought nothing of it, but did take note. He was later seen wandering towards a small, walled in town. The town elder had asked 3 of his messengers to go to this mysterious man and greet him with a ride back on their carriage for he seemed weary. They set out on a 3 day ride to this man unknown origin... A week went by and they never came back... Another week went by... The town's people had become worried that something bad had happened to them on their mission. About another week went by... The man in the black cloak

was seen walking towards the town in the distance. A day went by and he had arrived at the town by nightfall. The men at the gate called out to him, *"State your name and origin and we may bade you enter our town!"* The man pulled his cowl lower over his head and merely set his pack down on the ground and didn't attempt to answer the Gateman's question. The gateman called out, *"What of our messengers! Have you met with them along your traveling?"* He again didn't attempt to answer. With anger and impatience the Gateman asked, *"What is your name and what happened to our scouts!"* The man of mystery bent low to his pack and pulled out a hat. He tossed it to the gate and waited for some one to walk down to pick it up. After a few moments, one of the Gatemen walked down from the gates tower and opened up the gate a little bit so he could quickly grab the hat and close it. He picked up the hat... He looked at it for a few moments and then slowly looked up to the hidden man and his expression, one of curiosity and impatience, gradually became one of shock and horror. It was a messenger boy's hat covered in blood!

Neighboring villages heard screams of pain and agony from the walled in town. The people of those villages looked up into the sky and noticed a growing fire in the distance. Many of the men from the villages took up poorly made, makeshift weapons and ran down to the town to aid them in their troubles. When they arrived they saw the man in black in the middle of a ring of bodies... laughing. He was standing there with blood covering his body and Scorching flames all around him. He stopped laughing and all was quiet besides the faint screams of the innocent and the crackling of the flames. He looked over his shoulder to see the villagers come to aid the town. He froze for a split second, spun and threw himself at them with frightening speed and vicious fury while screaming out, *"I'll kill you aaall!"*

Morning came, the Elders of the villages sent scouting parties to investigate the disturbance. When the scouts arrived they were hit with a stench of charred, burning bodies that nearly overwhelmed them. When they entered the remains of the town the first thing that any of them noticed was the man in black... laying dead amidst hundreds of bodies...

Word spread that a single man had destroyed an entire town and all of its inhabitants, the clans had started blaming each other for trying to disrupt the balance of life. None of them were at fault for it was one man who, out of his own twisted ways, decided to disrupt the balance of life in Weyard. It didn't take long for each clan to start blaming each other for destroying the town of commoners. They had all begun to despise the ways of the other. They then broke away from one another and began building these towers of power for themselves. These towers were the elemental lighthouses from which each clan had been taught that they were the ultimate symbol of power. This began the war for power... This was the end of peace in Weyard...

This was... the beginning of the Golden Sun.